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Trinity Tablet, February 5, 1887

Trinity College

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The Trinity Tablet.

VOL. XX.

HARTFORD, CONN., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1887.

No. I.

The Trinity Tablet.

*Published every three weeks during term-time by
the Students of*

TRINITY COLLEGE.

BOARD OF EDITORS—CLASS OF '88.

Managing Editor, - - - *J. W. R. Crawford.*
Business Editor, - - - *L. LeG. Benedict.*

H. M. BELDEN, W. J. S. STEWART,
A. C. HALL, W. C. STUART,
F. C. WAINWRIGHT.

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THE TRINITY TABLET.
P. O. Box 398, HARTFORD, CONN.

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of Brown & Gross, 79 Asylum St., and J. R. Barlow,
232 Asylum St., and at No. 7 Jarvis Hall, Trinity
College.*

THE new year has once more arrived and with it joys and tribulations for each one of us. Under which of these terms the new Tablet Board should be classified we hesitate to say, lest we should imperil that reputation for modesty which is always such a marked characteristic of any editorial board. But what we can say with all sincerity, is that we shall do all in our power to keep the TABLET which is to be under our management for the coming year, up to its former high standard of literary excellence and if it be possible, to raise it even higher amongst its collegiate contemporaries. To the Tablet Board of '87—now retired—we owe much, not only for their kindness in introducing us to many of those editorial “tricks of the trade”—the

knowledge of which is almost indispensable to the would be editor—but more especially for the example of a college paper edited with credit to themselves and to the college. By this example we intend to profit as far as lies in our power. We will be thankful for any *able* criticism on our work and indeed we solicit this from the college at large—only we ask that if we are not as successful at first as might be expected of us, that it may be attributed to our inexperience, and that too hasty judgment may not be passed upon our work. With this request and with a hearty wish for a prosperous year to all of our readers, we place before you the first number of the TRINITY TABLET for 1887.

IN accordance with the device conceived by the '87 Board, by which to lure contributors, we have decided to offer *two* prizes for the best stories, and two for the best poems contributed during the year, the adjudication to be in the hands of an impartial committee. The prizes will be made as large as possible with a view to exciting competition, and we hope that all who are interested in making the TABLET attractive and of high literary merit will respond heartily, taking pride in its stand in the college world.

IN another column will be found a notice of the annual dinner of the New York Association of the Alumni, which will take place at Delmonico's, Thursday evening, February 10th, at seven o'clock. That the occasion may be as brilliant and enjoyable as possible, the committee have not limited the attendance at the dinner to New York alumni alone, but to any alumnus who may care to buy a ticket. Such gatherings as these cannot fail to be productive of the highest good to the college, in bringing it before the public, and to our alumni by drawing closer each year the bond of friendship and renewing their interest in Alma Mater.

THE Trinity Glee Club, after a year's existence in a state of so-called suspended animation, has at last awakened and made its appearance in public. It is a shame that it has remained so long inactive, and we hope that it has turned over a new leaf. A college like ours certainly should be able to have a first class glee club. At present it contains many good voices, and with careful training should take a foremost place among college glee clubs. It was noticed at the concert that some of the numbers were not sung as well as at some of the previous rehearsals. Now this should not be. The probable cause is want of confidence, which can only be overcome by practice. The club should *work* for success; then will the college be bound to support and uphold it.

WE are pleased to note the enthusiasm that prevails in our base ball coterie at present, which, with the excellent material at hand, gives every hope of a prosperous season this spring. But enthusiasm, although a great factor of success, is not everything, and a great deal of hard work must be done in order to bring the nine up to "concert pitch." Daily, faithful work in the gymnasium must be insisted upon, to prepare the men for the harder work that lies before them when the athletic field is ready for occupancy. There is also a tendency, especially among the newer members of the nine, to treat the matter as all play and no work. Let this be corrected, and while play has its share in making light the monotony of training, let not the object in view be forgotten. We are very fortunate in securing the services of a professional coach, under whose care, an excellent showing should be made, more especially in our battery work, which has always been the feature of our base-ball attempts.

WE desire to call especial attention to the Oratorical Prize contest, which is the one prize peculiarly the students' own. The greatest interest should be taken by all in the matter, for by it we are kept in close relation with the people of Hartford, who are yearly showing increased sympathy with our public efforts. Again, in this contest solely are the distinctions of class-rank set aside, and on the platform of Seminary Hall, the "silver tongue"

may gain the laurels denied in the class-room. At the preliminary trial, held Thursday, February 10th, before a committee of the faculty, will be chosen two men from each of the three upper classes, who will compete for the final honors on February 22d. The Professor of English has very kindly consented to allow all those intending to compete, to substitute their orations for the first themes. We would remind all that they will have a fairer chance themselves and at the same time render the work of the judges of the preliminary contest much easier, if they will carefully commit their orations instead of half learning them as has been the case so often heretofore. Let all who can, compete, and may the best man win.

DURING the months of January and February occur the alumni meetings of Trinity College; in New York, in New England, and on the far Pacific coast even, we see them gathered around the dinner table while songs, college stories and reminiscences, all tend to make them forget their gray hairs and go back to the happy days spent within Alma Mater's walls. Certainly Trinity is blessed with a most zealous and energetic band of graduates, and we want them to know that we fully appreciate them, and take a lively interest in all their doings. It is in a great measure to them that we owe our new gymnasium; it will be through them that we shall obtain our much needed chemical and physical laboratory. We say "shall obtain;" for all who are interested in Trinity will see that her growth in the last few years has been almost wholly in the newly opened scientific departments, and that our laboratories are already very inadequate to supply the increasing numbers and demands of our students. Yet we must remember that our alumni have lately been doing a great deal for us in subscribing large sums of money to our gymnasium, and we must not ask too much of them. This laboratory is however greatly needed and it may be safe to prophesy that we shall have it soon, though perhaps not immediately. Whatever happens, we can fully rely on our graduates to do for us the very best they can.

The next issue of the TABLET will be on February 26th.

TO SOMEBODY.

'Twas Juliette, she played it well,
Full oft the crowded hall
Rang loud with plaudits of appraise
For many a brave recall.

And standing in the glare of light
So beautiful, I ween,
(From what I've heard) she was a sight
Only too seldom seen.

Yet scarce saw I her studied grace,
Scarce heard the loud recall :
I sat where I could see *thy face*
And that explains it all.

H₂O.

THE REWARD OF HIS FAITHFULNESS.

A TRUE STORY.

"How romantic! Really, quite like a novel, Captain Bellingham!" laughs Miss Trouville, gazing steadily across the bay. "And are we to see this most curious old place?"

"Oh! yes," the young English officer answers gravely. "You really cannot help it, you know, if you go to Paget's! It's awfully odd, but, when one visits the island, one is suar, if one be a stranger, to make first for the desolate house, and, if possible, catch a glimpse of old Dr. Bendon himself; people are dreadfully cuarious, you know!"

"But one can't blame human nature, when such a story as this is told!" exclaims the young girl energetically, as she raises her white parasol. "Dear me! I wish this boat would go faster! You have made me so impatient, Captain, that I can't wait, I'm just crazy to see the place myself!"

"What are you saying, Laura?" asks her mother languidly; she is a very stout woman, extremely fussy, and, during the last five minutes, being in agonies of fear lest the boatman should upset their light, overweighted barge, has paid no attention to the gay flow of conversation between her two daughters and the captain. "Why! haven't you heard, mamma? It's the strangest thing!" the elder girl cries.

"No! she hasn't heard a word!" exclaims Edith, her eyes opened wide with interest. "Tell her, Captain Bellingham!"

The strong old boatman is rowing out of

Hamilton harbor, Bermuda, and crossing over the little channel to "Paget's-on-Somersetts." It is a warm, bright day in January; the air is filled with a balmy fragrance peculiar to these delightful islands, the water of the bay is a more lovely blue than the torquoises in Miss Trouville's ears; the sky above, cloudless and gleaming with the dazzling brilliancy of the tropics, through which, hither and thither the birds shoot saucily, pouring forth their enjoyment of the gay scene in happy song. On the fast retreating shores of Hamilton one sees luxuriant nature everywhere. The Pride-of-India trees and cocoa palms in Mr. Heyl's beautiful grounds tower with their straight granite-like trunks majestically into the air, their feathery plumes swaying softly in the breeze. The interlacing arches of the mangrove thickets form labyrinths of green as far as the eye can reach, while palmettos and cedars, training themselves into a thick, impenetrable hedge, are reflected perfectly in the clear, mirror-like water below.

On goes the boat, leaving the grey, majestic walls of the cathedral, which seems to stand as a great silent sentinel of the town; passing by the quaint, low houses, whose white roofs gleam in the sun-light, and away from the little line of grinning natives, who are always to be seen near the dock, equally devoid of politeness and clothes, as they command the passer-by to throw a coin into the water, that they may show their skill in diving for it.

The barge is well filled and the old native labors hard with the oars, perspiration standing in beads on his brown forehead.

Mrs. Trouville, with head thrown back, and hands firmly grasping the seat, on which she is so reluctantly perched, her face wearing a mingled expression of assurance and alarm, anxiously watches the rower's movements and calculates the depth of the water. She considers her daughters extremely reckless, since they are apparently unaware of the danger which to her seems imminent, and, undauntedly, continue to laugh and talk. Edith, the younger, is daintily eating a custard apple which the young officer has given her; the elder Miss Trouville, her eyes on the distant, shimmering lagoon, a slight smile lighting her beautiful face, waits for the captain, a big, good natured Englishman, to repeat to her mother the strange story he has

just told herself. While apart from this merry group, so absorbed in themselves, in quite the other end of the boat, sitting in an attitude of expectancy, is a little woman, dressed all in gray, her face completely hidden by a thick veil.

"Well! captain, I am waiting," Mrs. Trouville says with extreme graciousness, after a moment; she is a typical American mamma, and the captain a young Englishman of position, hence her air of polite attention and patronizing smile. "Aw! then you would reawly like to heaw?" asks Bellingham, blushing slightly. "It's nothing of a stawey, but it lends an air of romance to the little place, you know!" "I should think it *did*! It is —," begins Edith, excitedly. "Hush, my dear, Captain Bellingham is speaking!" says the mother in sweetly reproving tones. "Go on, dear captain, and pray excuse my daughter's interruption." "Aw! no excuse needed, I'm suar!" declares the captain, smiling and displaying a superb set of teeth. "As I was about to remark, one of the first Englishmen to build a house of any pretensions on Pagets,——" "Pagets is where we are going, you know, mamma!" puts in the reckless Edith. "—— was a young and wealthy doctor, by the name of Bendon. He had become enchanted with Bermuda, as nearly every one is, who comes here,—they caun't help it; it's such an awfully jolly little place, you know; and so, resolving to make it his home, begged his fiancee, a beautiful English girl, who was a great favorite in society, to leave London and come out to be married in these 'still vexed Bermuthees.' At first, of couarse, it seemed to her too long a journey, but the young man is said to have pleaded so eloquently that she, at length consenting, set out, with her father, you know, for the far away islands. This was years and years ago! Everything seemed ready; the doctor, who was, perhaps, rather a peculiar man, had made very elaborate preparations for the coming of his bride. The ship at last arrived, bringing the father and the adoawed Marionne to the happy bridegroom; but, in addition, alas, it also brought a letter to young Bendon from London declaring him penniless. All his money invested abroad, had been lost in some speculation!" "And of course the girl couldn't think of marrying him, under the circumstances,

could she?" eagerly asked Mrs. Trouville, with raised brows. "It appeared not!" answered the man, laconically, "for father and daughter returned to England on the same ship which had brought them out; another reason was given, I believe, but it was generally thought that the loss of the doctor's fortune had been the cause of their separation."

"And it is very proper that it should have been so! said the woman with superior conviction.

"But mamma, think of the poor doctor!" cried Edith, horrified.

"Ah! well," smiled the mother, "I fancy he knew how to take care of himself!"

"Ay! he did," cried the young captain, warming with his subject, "If you could call his present mode of life by such a name! That day he went back to the house he had so carefully prepared for the false girl, on yonder island, and since then has never left Somerset. For a long time the place was closely shut up, no signs of life appeared, you know, the doors were barred and blinds concealed the windows; now and then an old servant might be seen going back and forth, along the little beach, but no one else made any sign, and people said the man had either left Bermuda or was dead. No one saw him for years, but one day he suddenly came from his hiding place and the excited natives took back to Hamilton the news that they had seen Dr. Bendon walking on the shoar; their tidings spread quickly over the town, and the next day nearly half Hamilton came out to see if the report were true, when, suar enough! there was the doctor, walking slowly down the sands, the same man, though changed and grown vastly older. It must have been a strange sight, you know, to see the people crowding about him in their eagerness to welcome him back to themselves again, and he, with only short and unsatisfactory answers, withdrawing so quietly to the great, forlorn house, refusing all advances. I think you have found that the people here are characteristically persistent, but Dr. Bendon baffled them, and at length they ceased in their unavailing attempts to rouse him from this oppressive silence, and allowed him to live his own sad life in his own strange way. He has been gradually forgotten, as it were, by those who are always here, though often, you know, of an aufternoon, he may be seen

walking on the beach, and I suppose, as he never speaks to any one, he spends his time in dreaming of the lost bride, the fair Marionne."

"I think she was perfectly horrid," exclaim both girls at once, as the captain finishes. "She acted very sensibly," answered the mother placidly, unmoved by his story. "I'm sorry to say, some girls now seem utterly without judgment in such matters. Any one under the circ— Oh! good Heavens! the boat! We almost tipped over then. Edith, look out, you must not be so foolishly impetuous, my dear girl, we might all be drowned," cried Mrs. Trouville, in alarm, whose thoughts had wandered from the supposed danger while she had been listening, and were now brought quickly back to it, as the younger girl impatiently moved forward.

"She had no heart at all!" exclaimed Edith, not heeding the return of her mother's uneasiness. "She was a cold, unfeeling thing; I only wish I might tell her what I think of her."

"And what about the poor doctor?" asks the captain.

"Ah! I pity him with my whole heart! But, captain, can't we see him?"

"I don't know, he rarely appears, I believe, at this time of the day."

Little Miss Trouville thought seriously for one moment.

"We might call and ask—the very thing—ask for a drink of water! Many times has that request furnished an excuse for my curiosity, in the country, where I was at boarding school. What do you think, captain?"

The Englishman looked at the American girl, an expression of doubtful amazement spreading over his face, as he confusedly began a reply.

"Hush!" interrupts her sister with mock anxiety. "For shame, Edith, you shock Captain Bellingham, who isn't used to 'that sort of thing,' at all, and is, at this moment, I dare say, thinking you 'awfully American.' No your plan wouldn't do, my dear, but, nevertheless, I hope we shall see the victim of the fair Marionne's heartlessness."

"We are here at last!" exclaims Mrs. Trouville, in tones of relief, as the boat suddenly lands upon the beach. "Captain, you may help me out!" And straitway the little party hasten ashore, collect themselves, and

proceed to walk along the sand. They have gone but a little way, however, when Edith, turning round, sees a crowd gathering about the boatman, who is bending over some one lying on the shore.

"Why, I declare!" she cries, "that little grey woman, whom I thought so droll, has fainted!"

II.

The sea is a dazzling, sapphire blue; the sands of Paget beach as delicately pink as coral, on which the waves gently ripple, breaking in foam-capped crescents, while, as far down the shore as the eye can reach, is a picture of the most exquisite coloring one can imagine.

Directly fronting the sea, on a slight elevation, stands a house, its unpainted timbers, black with age, forming a strange contrast to the bright surroundings; the doors are closed; no light, apparently, penetrates within, and the great, square chimney is gradually crumbling away; sand from the beach has drifted against the building's front and half conceals it, while decay and ruin seems gradually to be settling upon the strange old place.

Further in, half screened by a broken down wall, there is a large garden, in the tangled thickets of which it is difficult to tell what is and what is not, to such a degree have the luxuriant plants overrun themselves, hedges of oleanders, palms, ferns, orange and lemon trees, are all growing in wild disorder; roses more exquisite than those of Provence are blooming here; cacti and passion vines climbing over the wall, the brilliant tropical flowers, in their neglected masses, pouring forth intoxicating fragrance.

An old man, with long white hair and moustache, is slowly passing down the garden; occasionally he pauses in his walk, and, placing his hand upon his forehead, seems absorbed in thought; deep lines of care mark his sad but pleasant face—he is tall, and in appearance rather haughty, as he stands, not bent with withering old age, but straight as any youth.

"Oh! I must *speak* to him!" cries the younger Miss Trouville, piteously, as she leans over the wall.

"You will do nothing of the kind, Edith!" exclaims her mother, in alarm.

"But he looks so unhappy, so utterly miserable, it seems as though we might comfort

him. I'm going into the garden. I *must*. Oh! why will you not let me? I'm sure he would speak to me!" she murmurs softly, her voice hushed with genuine sorrow for the old man, as her mother hastily interposes. "Come, children! We must go," sighs Mrs. Trouville, assuming a tone of sorrowful reluctance. "I'm sorry for the man, yet of course I have my opinion of him, for being so foolish as to bury himself here, all his life. Have you seen *quite* enough, Edith?" she continues, with some impatience, as the girl remains motionless, gazing with longing over the wall. "For I really did *not* come to Bermuda, to mourn the romantic tales of broken hearts; when one cares for anything of that kind, one can read a novel! I'm rather sorry, on the whole, that we came here," turning to the captain and Laura, "I'm told Nassau is vastly superior, such delightful people! Not but that Bermuda is very nice, captain. I merely say what I've *heard*, you remember. Yet one is always making mistakes. But if we're to see the island, we must make haste; you can lead the way, dear captain, with Laura, and be sure you show us all that is worth seeing. Now I'm here, it is best to make the most of it, and I want to be able to say I've done Bermuda thoroughly, you know. You are a perfect treasure of a guide!" she playfully declares, gently patting the sleeve of his elegant uniform with her parasol handle.

"Yes!" laughs Laura, "mamma is most desirous of 'doing the place *thoroughly*.' She was even hit on the head by a calabash falling from Tom Moore's tree, the other day, in her eagerness to obtain one of those ugly things."

"Ah! my dear, it is nothing to laugh at, I assure you, my head pains me yet! Edith! Are you *ever* coming?"

With reluctance, the girl turns from the old man so pathetically traversing the garden, and follows slowly after the others, as they, laughing merrily, go down the beach.

* * * * *

The evening is coming on, the little party returning to the boat, and, as they approach Dr. Bendon's house, prompted by curiosity to see again the isolated old place, they ascend the sloping beach and look over the wall. A strange sight is before them.

The sun is setting, red as a ball of fire, behind the gloomy mansion, flooding all the garden with a glory of rosy light.

Under a huge tree two figures are standing, clasped close in each other's arms. One, the old doctor himself; the red beams of the departing sun falling on his snow white hair, and transforming him almost to the appearance of youth. The other a little woman, whose face is hidden in his breast; she is dressed all in gray, and a black veil falls from her hair.

Marionne has returned.

The four people stand outside the wall, hushed in silence, for a moment, scarcely believing what they see.

"At lawst they are happy!" whispers the captain softly, looking at Laura, as he breaks off an orange blossom from the hedge.

"Human nature is weak!" murmurs Mrs. Trouville.

ROB: TRENT.

TO A "SKIN ROLL."

The Most Useful of Modern Inventions.

O little epidermal roll,
O timely and omniscient scroll,
Held deftly in the practiced hand.
Thou did'st fulfill the mind's demand
And save full half our struggling band
From getting too far in the hole.
I recollect I sat up late
In order that I might create
Some means by which my empty pate
Should next day be assisted,
Saved by thee from a hapless fate
I left that tough "exam" elate,
For on thy face was many a date
Revealed when thou wert twisted.
Your saving me from direst dole
My ardent thanks enlisted;
I pledge to thee a brimming bowl,
O little epidermal roll.

H₂O.

ALUMNI DINNER.

We have received the following circular from the New York Association of the Alumni.

New York, January 5th, 1887.

DEAR SIR:

The dinner upon the occasion of the annual meeting of the New York Association of the Alumni of Trinity College will take place at Delmonico's, Thursday evening, February 10th, 1887, at seven o'clock. The meeting will be at six.

We desire particularly to bring home to every one the great importance of these dinners. They not only renew

old college friendships, but they develop and intensify a feeling of interest in the prosperity of the College, and draw the attention of the public to its work.

We therefore urge upon you to do everything in your power to aid us in making a brilliant success of this occasion.

To this end the Committee have assumed the responsibility of guaranteeing an attendance of at least seventy-five, and inasmuch as the room used last year proved to be too small for the full enjoyment of the evening, have secured the large banqueting hall at Delmonico's in its stead.

Tickets to the dinner will be five dollars each.

Any member of the Association can bring with him as many friends as he may desire, by purchasing tickets for them,

To facilitate our work, we request you to communicate at once with Mr. John S. Smith, Chairman of the Executive Committee, No. 45 William Street, New York, and state how many tickets you will take.

JOHN S. SMITH,
THOMAS McLEAN,
EDWARD M. SCUDDER,
FRANK ROOSEVELT,
WILLIAM H. HITCHCOCK.
Executive Committee.

We are authoritatively informed by the Committee that this dinner is not intended to be exclusively for the alumni residing in New York, but that any alumnus of the college who cares to take a ticket will be welcome.

A STORMY NIGHT.

The day is done, the clouds on high
Drive fast across the darkened sky,
Joined hand in hand, like some vast band
Of demons hovering o'er the land;
While far below the black scud goes,
The light advance guard of the foes.
Only last night, the silver moon
Riding in stately grandeur by,
Summoned around her chariot wheels
The glittering armies of the sky:
How like another Joan of Arc,
She stems the waves of adverse fight,
Casting upon the darkened land,
Short glimpses of her cheering light.
Now here, now there, she breaks her way
Through writhing masses of the foe,
But denser hosts still rushing on,
Doom her to certain overthrow.
Surrounded, all her friends afar,
She rises still through clouds of war,
And when the storm has all blown o'er,
It leaves her empress as before.

CHAZAK.

NEW ENGLAND ALUMNI DINNER.

A most enthusiastic meeting of the Trinity College New England Alumni Association was held at the Hartford club on the evening of January 20th. Dr. W. A. M. Wainwright, the president of the association, being absent, Prof. McCook presided at the banquet. The officers for the ensuing year are: President, Dr. W. A. M. Wainwright; Secretary, H. B. Loomis; Treasurer, P. S. Bryant; the members of the executive committee, Dr. G. W. Russell, Rev. Mr. Nichols and Prof. McCook. Dr. Smith in response to "The College" spoke feelingly of the great assistance and encouragement a college could derive from an enthusiastic body of Alumni, and alluded—as an example of this—to the success in raising funds for the new gymnasium. He spoke of the success of the new courses of study and of the need of a scientific building. Mr. Hamersley responded to the toast, "The Trustees," and referred to the spirit of progress which was infusing that body and leading it to do what was necessary for the welfare of the college. The toast, "The Faculty," was replied to by Prof. Hart; "The Board of Fellows," by Mr. P. S. Bryant; "The Public Schools," by Mr. H. B. Loomis; "The Church in Relation to the College," by Rev. Mr. Raftery; and "Business Interests," by Mr. Skinner. Short speeches were made by the Treasurer of the college, Dr. Morgan, and Prof. Ferguson. Great enthusiasm was shown by all in regard to the new Scientific building. After the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," the meeting adjourned.

DELTA KAPPA EPSILON CONVENTION.

The XLth Annual Convention of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity was held at Washington, D. C., on Wednesday and Thursday, January 5th and 6th, under the auspices of the Washington Alumni Association.

The Fraternity was headquartered at Willard's hotel, where, on the evening of Tuesday, January 4th, about seventy college men, from the different prominent institutions of the country assembled, and an informal reception of delegates was held. Songs were sung; toasts were drank, and finally bed was sought by the travel-worn collegians. The following morning a secret business session

was held, and in the evening the public exercises took place at the Congregational church. The Hon. W. L. Trenholm, comptroller of the currency, delivered the oration in an easy and graceful manner. It was a scholarly production, and was enthusiastically applauded.

Dr. Andrew C. Kemper, of Cincinnati, was the poet. His poem was a splendid effort and was well received. The celebrated Marine band furnished the finest of music for the occasion. On the morning of Thursday another secret session was held, after which a photograph of the convention was taken—the delegates standing on the north steps of the Treasury Department. At three o'clock in the afternoon the entire delegation was conveyed to the principal points of interest about the city. Private receptions were given the delegates by President Cleveland, Senator Sherman and Speaker Carlisle. At seven o'clock in the evening a reception was held in the parlors of Willard's Hotel, and then followed the banquet at which Hon. John D. Long presided. This was an elaborate and enjoyable affair, and was attended by about two hundred of the Fraternity. The representatives from A. X., were A. H. Anderson, W. C. Stuart and A. R. Stuart. The other members of the same chapter who were present were: M. K. Coster, C. E. Deuel, W. S. Hubbard and C. H. Remington.

A RELIC OF THE PAST.

Relic of long departed years,
When Trinity was far down town
And rows occurred twixt town and gown,
What fantasies thy sight uprears.
This massive club of stout, gnarled wood,
Upon whose broad and rounded base,
Is carved a hideous monkey face,
Demon of carnage and of blood.
Methinks I see thee raised in fight,
Upon some skull descending—whack!
Laying the ruffian on his back.
I trust our cause was good and right.
Nor know I, should I praise or blame
Thy deeds; but now thy work is o'er,
Rest thou above my study door,
Uncouth, unused, unknown to fame.
But when the rain without does pour,
And I before my waning fire
Some dark, mysterious tale require,
Like raven of the days of yore,
Repeat thy words of nevermore.

CHAZAK.

THE EVENING WIND.

O passionate young Wind,
How dost thou moan and sigh
And at the window cry,
Albeit closed and pinned!

Yea, I will let thee in
And on my burning face
Feel thy impetuous race,
Forgetting what has been.

O the strong life thou hast!
How full and free it flows,
Drowning all pains and woes
And burying the past!

My breast swells like a tide,
My soul's wings seem to spread
And seek the evening red,
Where the young Wind seeks his bride!

S. M.

SUBJECTS FOR THEMES, TRINITY TERM, 1887.

NO 1, DUE FEBRUARY 8.

Seniors.—Subject, "The Parisian Commune."

Juniors.—Subject, "The Influence of Italian Literature on Milton."

Sophomores.—Subject, "The Newcomes."

Freshmen.—Subject, "The Settlement of Virginia."

NO. 2, DUE MARCH 8.

Seniors.—Subject, and first Draft—or outline of treatment of Commencement Oration.

Juniors.—"The Supernatural in Literature."

Freshmen.—"The Settlement of Connecticut."

PRIZE COMPOSITION, DUE APRIL 13.

Sophomores.—Subjects: 1. "Puritan Hostility to Art." 2. "Should Cremation Supersede Burial?" 3. "Mary, Queen of Scots." (Any one may be chosen.)

NO. 3, DUE MAY 10.

Juniors.—"The Early Teutonic Village Community."

Sophomores.—"Luther and Calvin, as Men."

Freshmen.—"The Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay Colonies."

APRIL 7. Commencement Orations handed in finished.

C. F. JOHNSON, *Professor English Literature.*

GUIDE TO SOME OF THE BOOKS IN THE LIBRARY.

NOTE.—These references are not meant to save the students the trouble of searching, but to guide their search. The lists are not exhaustive, nor is all that is required likely to be found in any one book. The librarian is glad to give personal assistance at any time.

The books on theme-subjects are in constant demand, and in fairness no student should take out any book before he needs it, or retain it longer than is absolutely necessary.

THEMES, NO. 1. (Feb. 8.)

Senior.—American Cyclopædia, "Commune de Paris." Poole's Index, articles marked under "Commune."

Junior.—Milton's works [821. M5, M6, M7] especially Todd's Milton [821. M5] v. i, p. 230. Hist. of Eng. Lit. [8209] also 821-46. 2, 821-47. 1. Lives of Milton by Hood [9282 4.], Symmons [9282 5.] Pattison [9282. 20. M. 1], Johnson [9282. 31 and 32]. Italian literature is class 850, &c. Cf. Symonds' Renaissance [945. 10, *new books.*]

Sophomore.—The book is in 823. T10. Cf. Histories of Eng. lit. [8209]. Quar. 97: 350 Putnam 6: 283.

Freshman.—General histories, classes 9730 and 9731. Robertson's America [970. 19]. Encyclopædias. Chapter in Perry's Hist. of Epis. ch. [2773. 29. 1]. Harper 18: 741; 65: 895; Century 25: 61; No. Am. 104: 1. Early maps in Mercator [9120. 7] and Speed [9120. 8]. On *Capt. John Smith* see articles marked in Poole's Index; also Life [9235. 38], and index to Everett's Speeches [815. 5]; also Encyclopædias and biog. dict. Lives of Raleigh [92322. R1; 9235. 57, *new book.*]

No. 2. (Mar. 8.)

Junior.—Writings of and criticisms upon such authors as Homer, Vergil, Dante, Goethe, Milton, Shakespeare. On supernatural in Shakespeare see Westm. 108: 375. On Faust, Dem. R. 13: 315; Atlan. 2: 551.

Freshman.—Histories of U. S., class 9730, 9731, and of Conn., 9746. Encyclopædias. New Eng. 1: 224; No. Am. 71: 34.

Sophomore Prize Compositions.

1. Histories of Eng., class 9420, 9423, 9424; Church of Eng., 2742. Ordinance (1643) for removing images, &c. [in P. 3. 2.]

2. Encyclopædias. Report Mass. Board of Health [614. 8] for 1875. Contemp. vol. 23 (3 articles). Forum, May, 1886. For ancient usages search Antiquities, class 9130 to 9139.

3. Biog. dict.; Encyc.; Poole. Proceedings against, in State Trials [9420. 20] 1: 122. *Pro*, Life by Bell [92322. M. 2]; Histories by Lingard [9420. 11]; Scott [9411. 5]; Life of Elizabeth [in 92322-5]. *Contra*, Hume [9420. 7, 8, 41], Robertson [9411. 4], Froude [9423. 2]. See also Green [9420. 35], Creighton [940. 31. 8], Jameson [92320. 1. 1], Sainte-Beuve [844. 13. 4]. Cf. Scott's Abbot [823. S3. 10], Schiller's Maria Stuart [830. 6] and Alfieri's Maria Stuarda [852. 6].

No. 3. (May 10.)

Junior.—Maine's Village Communities [321. 17]; Laveleye's Primitive Property [333. 3]; Freeman's Compar. Politics [320. 25]; Barker's Aryan Civilization [320. 1]; Tacitus' Germania [870, T12, T21]; Cæsar de Bello Gallico, bk. 6 [870. C6, C41].

Sophomore.—Biog. dict., and Encyc. Ref. marked in Poole. On hist. of Reformation see Mosheim [270. 10 and 21]; Milner [270. 11 and 20]; Hardwick [273. 11]; Merle d'Aubigné [2743. 4]; Ranke [273. 4 and 12]. On *Luther*, see Lives [9224. 2, 3 and 9; 2824. 41]. Essays by Froude [824. F4. 1]; Rogers [824. R1]; Hamilton [104. 8]; also Contemp. 44: 1, 183; Century, 26: 860; Atlantic (Dec., 1883); Liv. Age, 161: 451. On *Calvin*, see Life by Berza [9224. 1]; Essay by Bancroft [814. B. 2]; his Letters [244. 5]. On the general subject, Hallam's Literature of Europe, Robertson's Chas. V. and Roscoe's Leo X. may also be referred to.

Freshman.—Class 9730, 9731, 9740, 9744. Encyclopædias. Coit's Puritanism [285. 12]; No. Am. 38: 134; 63: 237; 79: 53; Chr. Exam. 41: 279; Am. Church R. 2: 524; Am. Q. Reg. 11: 82; No. Am. 44: 537; also references in Poole under "Pilgrims."

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

CLASS OFFICERS.

The officers of the different classes for the term are as follows:

Seniors. President, O. A. Sands; First Vice-President, G. W. Rodgers; Second

Vice-President, G. S. Waters; Secretary, A. C. Hamlin; Treasurer, A. H. Anderson; Chronicler, C. H. Tibbits.

Juniors. President, L. W. Downes; First Vice-President, H. M. Belden; Second Vice-President, F. C. Wainright; Secretary, L. LeG. Benedict; Treasurer, W. J. S. Stewart; Chronicler, R. C. Eastman.

Sophomores. President, C. H. Remington; First Vice-President, R. C. Tuttle; Second Vice-President, A. Millard; Secretary, W. Scudder; Treasurer, S. F. Jarvis, Jr.; Chronicler, A. M. Vanderpool.

Freshmen. President, P. Smith; First Vice-President, C. S. Griswold; Second Vice-President, F. S. Bull; Secretary, I. S. Howe; Treasurer, W. H. Warren; Chronicler, G. T. Macauley.

LIBRARY.

Quite a number of new books have been added to the library since the beginning of the new year. The Athenæum Fund has furnished, for lovers of history, Thos. Hodgkin's "Italy and her Invaders," a work in four volumes. A goodly number of valuable works has also been added by the Alumni Library Fund, among which should be noticed Symonds' "Renaissance in Italy," Stedman's "Victorian Poets" and "Poets of America," and a set of "English Worthies," in seven volumes, by different authors, and comprising the lives of Shaftesbury, Marlborough, Blake, Raleigh, Darwin, Steel, and Jonson. Here is good reading for students of biography.

GLEE CLUB.

On the 20th of last December the newly-organized Glee Club made its first appearance at a concert given at Unity Hall, by the celebrated Temple Quartette, of Boston. Four numbers were creditably rendered. The audience testified their appreciation by their repeated encores. This success should be a great encouragement to the club, and an incentive to greater effort. Arrangements have been made for concerts to be given at Salisbury, Litchfield and other places. We hope, before long, to be able to record a successful Trinity Glee Club concert in Hartford. Mr. G. S. Waters has been elected Director in the place of Mr. F. G. Williams, resigned.

BANJO CLUB.

The Banjo Club assisted also at the Temple Quartette concert. The members of this club

handle their instruments well, and acquitted themselves with credit. The club is composed of Waters, '87, Downes, '88, Paddock, '88, Bull, '90, N. Scott, '89, banjos; Thompson, '87, and Bowman, '87, guitars; and Crawford, '88, banjo. Mr. L. W. Downes is the director.

ORATORICALS.

The competition for the appointments, from the three upper classes, of the prize-oratorical speakers takes place on February 10th. Two speakers, as usual, will be chosen from each class, and will deliver their orations in public on February 22nd. The committee consists of Messrs. Beardsley, Deuel and Haight. The exercises will probably terminate, as they did last year, with a dance.

BASE BALL.

The following men are in gymnasium training for the nine; Shannon, '87, Capt.; Braber, '87, Whitcome, '87, Pinney, '87, Brinley, '88, A. R. Stuart, '88, E. N. Scott, '89, McLemore, '89, B. Wright, '89, Benton, '90, Wright, '90, Cheritree, '90, Brady, '90, Howe, '90. Mr. Ferguson, the celebrated pitcher of the Philadelphias last season, will coach the nine during the first part of February.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

During the last term the Missionary Society has enjoyed a fair degree of prosperity. Ten new members were received from the class of '90 and the attendance at the meetings has been fair. Still there is much to be desired in the way of attendance. It is the aim of the officers to make the meetings as attractive as possible; but they need the coöperation of the rest of the members and the students of the college in general. We trust that all those who feel any interest in the missionary work of the Church, will at least manifest their interest by attending the meetings of the society.

GENERAL NOTES.

The Owl Club, of Hartford, has arranged for an invitation lecture by Prof. Johnson, to be delivered at Seminary Hall, on Feb. 22d.

At a college meeting held on Jan. 17th, it was resolved to decline the invitation of Lafayette, to join a proposed base-ball league to be formed of the clubs from that college, Troy Polytechnic, University of Pennsylvania, Stephens Institute, St. Johns, and Wesleyan.

It was thought that the distance between the said institutions is too great to warrant the expense of travel.

Since the toboggan slide has been erected in Hartford many of the students have enjoyed the sport. Some have fallen so much in love with it that they have made themselves the happy possessors of toboggans. The next thing in order will be to form a club.

The Sanskrit Elective class is pursuing its work with great enthusiasm under the able tuition of Prof. W. R. Martin.

Owing to the illness of Prof. Robertson the Elocution Elective is dropped for the present.

The Freshmen were matriculated on Dec. 17.

The new Gymnasium progresses slowly. Two complete bricks were firmly secured in their places during the vacation and the contractor hopes to successfully locate another of the "Keramic parallelpipeds" on its bed this week. The architecture is of the "Aërial Castellated," or "Spanish-Chateau Type," and the entire structure is to be completed on the First of April, if not finished at some other date.

Might not the architecture be more properly styled the "Procrastinated Gothic"? —[ED.]

O JE T'AIME.

Fair, shining and bright they floated
Those locks of the purest of gold
As, by the gentlest breezes wafted,
They kissed, then lightly receded
From cheeks in which were embedded
Twin dimples of heavenly mold.

How quickly my heart was ablaze,
When deep blue eyes, speaking my name,
Sought in mine an answering gaze,
And from ruby lips, soft and clear,
Came like low music to my ear
The sweetest of words—"O je t'aime"

WEE WEE.

Cornell is to have a new library building to cost between one and two hundred thousand dollars and to accommodate nearly three hundred thousand volumes.

A SILENT KINGDOM.

'Mid gloomy forests of tall, dark pine,
Near the shores of the moaning sea,
Stands a cloister church, at whose holy shrine,
No friar bends now the knee.

Through the grates of the vault a light is shed,
The pale moon's glittering ray;
Which kisses the coffins of kings long dead,
Who are waiting the Judgment Day.

How softly they sleep, watched o'er by the gleam,
In their kingdom so cold and gray!
The moon is their watcher, and silent will beam,
Till they wake on the Judgment Day. K.

PERSONALS.

The first volume of Appletons' Cyclopedia of American Biography contains notices of President (Bishop) Brownell, Professors Bolton, Brocklesby, and Coit, Archbishop Bayley, '35, the Rev. Dr. Beardsley, '32, Bishop Beckwith, '52, Park Benjamin, '29, the Rev. Dr. E. C. Bolles, '55, Henry H. Brownell, '41, and the Rev. Prof. Butler, '33.

HILLS, '47. The Rev. George Morgan Hills, D. D., has been elected a corresponding member of both the New England Historic Genealogical Society, and the Connecticut Historical Society.

BELDEN, '48. Nathan M. Belden, '48, represents the Town of Wilton in the Connecticut Legislature now in session, and is a member of the Judiciary Committee.

MIDDLEBROOK, '48. Major L. M. Middlebrook, was present at the late meeting of the Connecticut Humane Society, in Hartford, and took a prominent part in the proceedings.

SEYMOUR, '52. The Trustees of Griswold College have conferred the degree of S. T. D. on the Rev. Charles H. Seymour, M. A., Dean of the Academic Faculty, and Catherine Lorillard Wolf Professor in Belles Lettres, in the college and schools at Davenport.

GOODSPEED, '66. Married, January 27th, in Church of the Unity, Boston, Mass., Joseph H. Goodspeed, '66, and Miss Arabel Morton.

MORGAN, '70. The Rev. G. B. Morgan, '70, has accepted the rectorship of Christ Church, New Haven, Conn.

MACKAY-SMITH, '72. The Rev. Alexander Mackay-Smith, '72, has declined the Assistant Bishopric of Kansas.

DRUMM, '74. The Rev. T. J. Drumm, '74, was ordained to the priesthood December 19th, in the chapel of St. Paul's school, Concord, N. H.

HOOKER, '77. Married, January 26th, in Trinity Church, Hartford, the Rev. Sidney D. Hooker, '77, and Miss Mary R. Perkins.

WEBB, '78. The Rev. W. R. Webb, '78, has become assistant minister of the Church of the Holy Apostles, New York City. His address is 360 West 32d, St.

HARDING, '79. Rev. Alfred Harding, '79, has become rector of St. Paul's church, Washington, D. C.

MASON, '81. Alexander Mason has entered into a co-partnership for the practice of law, with Ex-Judge Daly and Henry R. Hoyt, under the name of Daly, Hoyt & Mason. His office address is No. 44 Broadway, New York City.

NEWTON, '81, BROWN, '83. The Rev. E. P. Newton, '81, and the Rev. J. E. Brown, '83, were ordained to the priesthood in St. Mark's Church, Denver, Col., on the 18th of December.

EMERY, '81. At St. Mary's Church, Dorchester, Mass., Tuesday, January 18th 1887, by the Rev. L. W. Saltonstall, assisted by the Rev. Henry Mottet, of New York, and the Rev. E. M. Parker, of St. Paul's School, of Concord, N. H., the Rev. W. Stanley Emery and Ethel Naunton, daughter of the late Edwin Arthur Julian, Esq., of St. Andrews, New Brunswick.

PUTNAM, '88. W. T. Putnam has returned to college.

EASTMAN, '88. R. C. Eastman having recovered from his recent illness is once more in college.

WILLIAMS, '89. F. G. Williams has been appointed to the vacant Toucey Scholarship in the Sophomore class.

PYNCHON, '89. W. H. C. Pynchon, who was obliged to leave college a year ago on account of ill health, has entered the class of '90.

OBITUARY.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Horatio Potter, the venerable Bishop of New York, who died January 2nd, in his 85th year, was the first Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in this college, from 1828 to 1833. While professor here, he designed the handsome stone bridge which crosses Main Street over the Park River. In 1837 he declined an election to the presidency of the college. Since 1859 he had been one of the visitors.

Joseph Hedge Thompson, M. D., a graduate in the class of 1835, died at his residence in Salem, N. J., December 2nd, in his 72nd year. Dr. Thompson took his degree in

medicine at the University of Pennsylvania in 1837, then returned to practice at his home where he remained till his death, enjoying a well deserved reputation as a physician, a citizen, and a Christian man. In 1840 he delivered an oration before the alumni of the college.

Frank W. White, a member of the class of 1878, died after a short sickness at his home in New York City, January 18th, aged 30 years. After leaving college in his junior year, he went into business with his father as a broker in Wall Street and became a member of the Stock Exchange. He was prominent in social circles, and much beloved by many friends.

In the *Rochester Campus* of January 22, we note a poem by "H₂O." copied from the TABLET, with no credit given.

BOOK REVIEWS.

In the new edition of the English translation of Dr. Kurtz's *Church History*, the two volumes, of some 500 pages each, are bound in one. It has been the aim of the author to describe, at least in outline, everything in any way connected with the history of the Christian church in all centuries of its existence. It is written, of course, from a German standpoint; this doubtless accounts for the very brief treatment (in less than two pages) of the English Reformation, but it can hardly be an excuse for calling Dr. Newman a professor at Oxford, or for making Bishop Forbes a bishop of the established church of Scotland, or for a very inadequate and misleading sketch of the religious condition of the United States. [Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.]

The Columbia Faculty has voted not to make Latin and Greek optional in Junior year.

There are forty-two college graduates working on Boston papers.

Bowdoin's new Gymnasium is lighted with electric light and is heated by steam.